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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, AUGUST 18, 1904 NUMBER 25

WAR.

And this is War!
The vengeful spirit of an ancient race,
Clad in brave armor, wounded in its pride;
The joy of battle in its mailed face,—
Driving its foemen, like a rising tide
That swirls the sea-folk on the curving beach
And leaves them stranded there to rot and bleach.

And this is War!
A peaceful highway on a sunny hill,
A file of busy ants that bravely toil
Until they meet their fellows—stop to kill—
And then march onward with the robber spoil;
When from the clouds a sudden, driving rain
Sweeps them, unheeding, to the flooded plain.

And this is War!
An eddy in the rust, a troubled pool,
A pebble in the river's mighty flow—
Man's feeble effort, like the painted fool,
To prove that he is master of the show;
While laws immutable uplift the clod
And mould him to the purposes of God!

—*Robert Bridges* in *Collier's Weekly, July 23.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

JUST PUBLISHED

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

An Answer to a Letter.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

PAMPHLET

Single Copies, 10 Cents. Per Dozen, $1.00.

Unity Publishing Company

3939 Langley Avenue

CHICAGO

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1904. NUMBER 25

If we had lost our own chief good, other peoples' good would remain, and that is worth trying for.
GEORGE ELIOT.

Apropos to the suggestion made by *Collier's* on Political Congresses, which we print elsewhere, the Tower Hill Summer School has tendered its hospitalities to the dominant political interests in the community it represents. Last Saturday was "La Follette Day" on the grounds. Prominent speakers representing that phase of republicanism were heard, full reports of which will be printed in our next week's issue. It is hoped that the stalwarts and the democrats will each in turn have their "field-day" at Tower Hill, where a free platform is extended to them all, the only restrictions being those of time and courtesy. The spirit of Tower Hill forbids personalities and the abuse of candidates, which is the disgrace of American politics and the confusion of the American voter.

According to the *Christian Life* a ten-set edition of Dickens' works is being published in London. The set is to include 130 volumes, each volume to cost $1250.00 of American money; or $162,500.00 for the complete set. It is to be printed on real parchment prepared according to a re-discovered art, bound in levant, ornamented with solid gold; the last volume will not be completed until 1912. Is this worth while? In the present stage of human development and the existing needs, literary and otherwise, of the distracted human family, is this an ethical use of money? Certainly it is far more commendable than many investments of vast sums by wealthy people who are considered eminently ethical and who pass for humane people worthily interested in humanizing work.

We print on the front page of this issue a poem on "War" by Robert Bridges, which we clip from *Collier's* of July 23rd. The spirit of the poem is enforced by a lurid frontispiece in color entitled, "The Vengeful Spirit of an Ancient War," and still further by a page of extracts from Tolstoy's "Bethink Yourselves; A Cry to a War-Mad Race," The editorial introduction to which we are glad to make editorial space for it runs as follows:

In the vast prison known as Russia, there is but one free man—Count Lyof Tolstoy. Out of the cloud of darkness hovering over that prison, shines but one star—the genius of Tolstoy. Like one of the great old prophets of Judea, he—a mere writer of novels, and plays, and pamphlets—towers above princes and ministers, and he speaks down as from a supermundane elevation even when addressing the Czar himself, who to him, raised beyond worldly fears and desires, is only "an unfortunate, entangled young man." Taking for his text the warning of Christ, "Bethink yourselves!" he directs a heart-stirring cry, first to his own countrymen and then to the rest of mankind to open their eyes to the folly, as well as the criminality, of all war. If this appeal had been the work of any other Russian subject, it would probably have cost its author freedom, if not life. But Tolstoy has grown too great for punishment. A blow struck at the venerable seer would hurt the government more than anything else, inside its own borders as well as outside of them. To give our readers an idea of this unique arraignment of the belligerent spirit, still predominating among the most enlightened peoples, a number of excerpts have been so chosen and arranged as to present, in concise and connected form, the spirit of the article and its most striking passages, the doom foretold and the hope held out.

We trust that the Constitution of the United States is sufficient to preserve the historic continuity of Berea and to vindicate the obvious intention of its founders, but if the decision should be an adverse one, then we hope that the public sentiment of right-minded people everywhere will be such as to justify the Trustees in moving the institution to a more hospitable clime. This clearly would be more consonant with history and the demands of poetic justice than to continue in a prosperity on the old ground that represented an emasculated life. The location is a physical element and belongs to the temporalities. The inclusiveness of its charter and anti-slavery traditions, its equal brotherhood regardless of color, is a spiritual investment and it belongs to the eternalities. The aroma of saints will gather around the Berea that preserves its integrity whether it be planted on the "dark and bloody" ground of Kentucky, in the mountain fastnesses of West Virginia, or on the northern banks of the Ohio River, which in the days of strain and stress beckoned so many of the black sons of God out of slavery into freedom. Let the spiritual Berea stand. The August number of the *Quarterly* is one to have and to file in your libraries. Send for a copy.

The *Berea Quarterly* for August is in hand, from which we see that, notwithstanding the inhospitable action of the Kentucky legislature, it still flourishes. Five thousand people attended its last commencement. A hundred young students are staying on the campus during the summer to work on the new chapel, on the farm, in the shop and in the brick yard, and Dr. Parsons, the tireless friend of summer colleges, has provided means for the bringing of mountain springs down to the campus. The water was brought in jugs for ritualistic uses on commencement day, but when the pipes are laid there will be enough for drinking, bathing and protection against fire. It is pathetic to read that the following is inserted for a slip in the catalogue for the coming year:

The Kentucky Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting private schools from receiving both white and colored students, and prohibiting students from attending any school where both races are received.

The trustees of Berea College have been advised that this law is in contravention of the provision of the Constitution and violates the civil rights and personal liberties not only of the Negro but of every citizen of the United States.

The College will endeavor to have the law declared unconsti-

tutional, and appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary.

For the next year no new colored students can be received. Those now enrolled will be sent to Fisk University and to other good schools.

This large extra expense, as well as the expenses of litigation, are forced upon us.

Whatever the final decision may be, the College will continue to give of its means and its energies to the education and uplifting of the colored race.

The *Commons* for August might be called a memorial number for Mayor Samuel M. Jones. The tributes to him are sincere as they are varied; tender as they are strong. A shop-mate, Allan A. Tanner, speaks of him as an "employer." A fellow-campaigner has an article entitled "Campaigning with Sam Jones." The paper contains the funeral addresses, and Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, gives an editorial estimate with some interesting accounts of the leave-taking on the part of fifty-five thousand men, women and children of every description who "silently, reverently, and affectionately parted from their friend." For two days, from 5:30 a. m. until 9 p. m. did the tearful procession pour through Memorial Hall—Assyrian, Polish, German, Hungarian. Organizations reaching from the university club to the United Catholic associations, horse-shoers and cloak-makers, paid their tributes. Words were read from his own marked up Bible and from his own way-worn and underscored copy of Whitman; lawyer, clergyman and shop-mate paid their tributes; songs were sung in his native Welsh, "in words of his own heart and voice and by the fellow-workmen in his own shop whom he had trained to sing 'Freedom's Day.'" Tender, strong, noble Samuel Jones! Fitting, then, seem the words of Graham Taylor: "Not since Lincoln was buried has any American community paid greater tribute to its dead than Toledo lavished upon the loving life and public service of its 'Golden Rule' Mayor." We trust many of our readers will send the ten cents that will bring this number to their home tables. Address The Commons, 180 Grand Avenue, Chicago.

The Senior Editor was quite conscious of the danger involved when he printed E. P. Powell's "The Position of an Independent" in a recent number of UNITY and he begs the indulgence of his readers. He is compelled to remind them of the difference between an open page and a free page. The limitations of our space will not permit political debate, and the privileges of a member of the editorial staff are necessarily greater than those of a reader. We print in another column the rejoinder of "A Republican in National Politics." If Mr. Powell should deem it worth while to answer this correspondent, editorial space is his, but further than that we cannot yield our crowded columns to new debates on current political questions. We are glad, so far as space permits, to let as many people as possible try to justify the political faith that is in them in our columns. The first element in rationality in American politics is the clear recognition that honest men honestly differ; that men equally good, kind and true do take differing and oftentimes antagonistic views of the same subject. The explanation lies not in the depravity of human nature or in the imbecility of the human mind, but in the complexity of the situation. The multiple elements that enter into the political problems of the modern day will not submit to simple solutions. Let this note be a warning beforehand to those who fain would rush into UNITY's columns with controversial material. In the field of politics as in the field of religion, UNITY seeks the independency that comes not from the closed door but from the open door. We seek fair play, not by excluding everybody, but, so far as circumstances will permit, by welcoming everybody and all opinions, subject, as already stated, to the limitations of space and time.

Professor King, of Oberlin College, in his "Professor's Chair" Department in the *Congregationalist,* when asked if Christ's mission to the world had been adequate had he died a natural death, replies: "I am not able to think that the mere physical death of Christ or any special form of it was essential to his mission; because the men to whom he came were what they were and Christ's spirit what it was, his death was probably inevitable, but it is possible to conceive a different situation." Professor King speaks adroitly and with subtle penetration. His words seem to justify the conclusion that Christ's death was brought about by the perversity of man, not through a scheming God. At least that would be our answer to the question propounded the Oberlin Professor. Another correspondent in the same department asks "if it is not time that the mistake of the Fathers in separating from our Unitarian and Universalist brethren a hundred years ago should be acknowledged and all return to the same ecclesiastical fellowship in view of the apparent harmony on certain fundamental concepts of the doctrine of incarnation and the Christ set forth by Martineau, Dr. Lyman Abbott, President King, et al." President King denies the soft impeachment; he thinks Unitarians and Universalists are growing toward the position of the Congregationalists as well as vice versa; that all parties to the controversy have approached one another on some of the deepest points, but real and vital distinctions still exist." Notwithstanding this, the Professor claims that the best service to all concerned is for the representatives of all views to try to really understand the position of their brethren before they condemn. We heartily endorse the suggestion but sound a timely note of warning. Let the ecclesiastics who still hope to justify their separateness forbear from too close study of one another's position. When Charles Lamb confessed that he hated a certain man "because he did not know him, for if he knew him of course he could not hate him," he stated a psychological fact of much theological significance.

E. A. Winship, the veteran editor of the *Journal of Education,* writes interestingly on educational matters in the *Congregationalist* for Aug. 6th. He tells us that the oldest educational association in the world is the American Institute of Instruction, organized in 1830, Froebel and Horace Mann, the kindergarten and free public schools, became familiar words in the educational world. This distinctively New England association held recently its seventy-fourth annual meeting. "The meeting was noticeable, " he says, "from the absence of sentimentalism, pessimism, radicalism, or conservatism. Every speaker had a message and the whole program had a mission." The National Educational Association which recently met in St. Louis, he characterized as "by far the largest educational association in the world," and its gatherings are excelled only by the G. A. R. and the Y. P. S. C. E. associations in number. This session was made notable by the prominence given Booker T. Washington and Margaret A. Haley on the general program. Washington's position in the educational world is well understood and easily defined. Miss Haley's position is more problematic, less known and much less understood. She may be taken as a representative, not of the common school, but of the "school ma'am" of the common school, the average grade and district school teacher, ninety-seven or eight per cent. of whom are probably women. This class, even in democratic America, were until recently, largely without a voice in the great educational convocations. Miss Haley and her yoke-fellow, Miss Goggin, have compelled for themselves a hearing on certain specific questions of taxation, wages and superintendency, but beyond these special questions and above them they stand as representatives of this uncatalogued and uncounted asset in American life. In an overwhelming degree they represent the educational destiny of America, for let the district and grade schools be well administered and it will be well with high school and college; let these be neglected and no skill or benignancy in money, time or talent will save either high school or college from degeneracy and demoralization. Let the "school ma'am" be respected and let her be represented.

Political Congresses.

A recent number of *Collier's* contains an editorial note so much in the spirit of UNITY that we are glad to transfer the same in its entirety to our own editorial columns.

Wendell Phillips said that the American people never became intelligent upon any question of national interest until it was put upon the stump and there beaten out into the clear by public debate. There is another side, however. Instead of being altogether a season of intellectual quickening and profitable exchange of ideas, the quadrennial contests serve to befuddle the minds and confuse the consciences of some voters, especially, perhaps, that large, earnest, important but pathetic class grouped as the "foreign vote." The confusion of overstatement and of personalities is likely to play a larger role than ever in a campaign like the present, where there is absolutely no great principle or clear-cut policy at issue between the two dominant parties. An interesting suggestion is made to us by a correspondent. "Let the multitudes," he says, "be summoned to hear the calm discussion of great issues by men of sober minds and disinterested spirit; not in the disputing but in the comparing spirit. The motto of these political congresses might well be, 'Come, let us reason together.' The speakers should be independent minds who have civic pride and no personal axes to grind. The most eminent jurists, editors, ministers, college presidents, and professors, men of differing conclusions, advocates of different conditions, should be invited to give reasons for their positions and indicate the grounds over which they have traveled. Let them have plenty of room for compliment, comparison, and prophecies, but little room for abuse, sarcasm, and dogmatism. These things, of course, could not be wholly avoided; indeed, each speaker would enjoy a free platform with rigid time limits. But the spirit of the place would be unfavorable to such things, and the restriction of good manners, and especially of the truth-seeking spirit, would preserve the dignity of such a platform. The 'foremost citizen' of any community would be glad to preside at such a meeting. He would sometimes be of one party and sometimes of another." We do not see why such a congress might not be convened by the various Chautauquas and summer assemblies, at academic centers, under the auspices of either the students or directors of the institutions, in the churches, and in the public schoolhouses, and especially at the various State and county agricultural fairs. The necessary funds would probably come promptly from the enjoying public and its public spirit. Human brains do not come so high as street parades. Cut out the bass-drum and the red fire, and there will be plenty of money to command talent and intelligence. Many a man whom voters would like to hear, and sometimes to follow, who could not be hired to speak on noisy party platforms, would be glad occasionally to give an earnest crowd an explanation of his ideals.

The Passing of Chautauqua Circles.

"We have not a single graduate of the Chautauqua circle at the assembly this year and so we have no exercises of any kind. There is such a falling off of interest," said an earnest W. C. T. U. worker and an old time Chautauqua student and graduate at one of the large western assemblies. Her words and still more her tones came to us with a painful shock. We had at least hoped that in the Chautauqua movement we had a stream of vitality yet unspent, an instrument of popular education that was still efficient. And when we asked for the explanation the reply came, "The woman's clubs have absorbed the more competent and ambitious classes of women who used to work with us, and the 'elocuting' reader, sensational lecturer and other things that 'draw' in our assembly programs have crowded out the more quiet, earnest and less demonstrative studies and interest."

Our informant was in a position to know, but we would be glad of any assurance that she was mistaken and that a more hopeful view of the situation would be a truer one. The Chautauqua movement in America has been a most significant one; to a striking degree it has been the busy woman's college; in thousands upon thousands of communities, through it, piety and culture have sought a more intimate acquaintance; poetry and prophecy have saluted each other and eventually discovered their kinship. The work of these circles in many, perhaps in the majority of cases, has necessarily been superficial, at least has consisted of studies in outline. Many of their manuals have been painfully condensed; but it is also true that very many of their manuals have been prepared by

masters and in the spirit of humility, and that what they have given has been of a kind to awaken thirst for more. It is also true that in thousands of communities Chautauqua circles have offered busy mothers, care-burdened wives, wage-earning women, a nobler basis of fellowship, a method of study, a program of reading that has strengthened them for life's work, exalted their pleasures and utilized their little leisure to true recreation.

If women's clubs are to supplant Chautauqua circles, or at least to drain them of their best blood, it behooves them to see to it that their more ambitious programs and absorbing social mechanism do not miss the modesty, the democracy, the pursuit of real science and real literature on coherent and consecutive lines, and above all the willingness to do primary work and to do it systematically, which was the secret of the great Chautauqua movement.

But we are loath to believe that the Chautauqua movement has passed its full maturity and that as a spiritual and educational force it must henceforth wane. Certainly it does behoove the management to give careful thought to the second alleged reason for the decay of the Chautauqua circles on assembly grounds. On the occasion above referred to the writer constituted one of a company of one hundred and fifty or two hundred men and women, most of them hard-worked, who were drearily "entertained" for half an hour or more by a woman "fearfully and wonderfully" dressed, forgetting that the conventions of the city drawing room carry with them great unfitness in the leafy grove. Her "entertainment" consisted largely in the not very skillful imitations of intolerable little boys and crying babies. The company tried to laugh at these imitations of very unattractive and unwholesome children.

To criticize, such a performance is ungracious for "certainly there was nothing bad in it," we were told. No, unless the putting of valuable time to cheap uses and giving cheap entertainment where high instruction, noble inspiration and splendid diversion were quite possible in the same length of time and for the same amount of money invested, is bad. It behooves Chautauqua managements that they look well to their programs if they would perpetuate their power. In the long run scholarship, culture, refinement, ethical earnestness and scientific clearness have more "drawing" power than many things that are listed for the sake of "drawing a crowd."

Let not the Chautauqua circles pass on a downward slide; if they are to go at all, let them be lost on an upward slide; let them be replaced by something better, not something lower. They came as a great advance; their stay has been fraught with benignant results. Let them be continued until they bloom and bear fruit so that when they go they will be followed by something still finer, more educative, more democratic, more prophetic.

From the Stranger's Pew.

UNITY readers may like to see the following from the Boston *Transcript*: R. W. B.

On one of our warm Sunday evenings, the latest, let us say, a gentleman from Ithaca wandered into an orthodox church in Boston. He was immediately conscious of a smile and an outstretched hand, and when he professed his willingness to be seated the official who had given the greeting promptly led him far to the front. The gentleman from Ithaca felt, with no discomforting emotion, that the minister had an eye on him; and indeed when the service ended the minister came straight down to that conspicuous pew, and in a manly, self-respecting fashion showed himself friendly. It is properly a part of the chronicle that on his way out the stranger received five invitations to come again; "and they were sincere," he adds.

Now the gentleman from Ithaca has no orthodox affiliations. Some of the clergyman's utterances, and some of the hymns that were sung, set his teeth on edge. Yet, having thriftily purposed to lay a dime in the collection plate, he did actually deposit a quarter; and "when I revisit Boston," says he, "I shall go to that church. Never mind what the people say they believe. I find the spirit of Christ is simple human kindness, and the religion that welcomes a stranger—not 'distinguished looking' or particularly well dressed—cannot call itself by any name that will alienate my sympathy."

Our friend does not intimate that he had a unique experience in a phenomenal church; that were to discredit Boston—and Christianity; but certain features struck him as novel and imitable, and we yield to his desire to put the experience on record. "Other strangers were present," he says, "a dozen or twenty in all. We were so near the altar that the minister could easily reach us, and we were sufficiently near together so that he could reach all of us. Yet we were not embarrassingly prominent, for even on that warm evening the church was filled —a fact I account for by the genial atmosphere of the place.

"I like that fashion of hospitality," adds the gentleman from Ithaca. "In the character of stranger I have been placed in pews that nobody else wanted to occupy; and I have been ushered in a tentative, experimental way into pews that, intuition told me, might presently be occupied by the owner—who, if he did come, would resent my intrusion. On the other hand, I have had seats from which I could both see and hear, and I have frequently managed to avoid the churlish type of pew-holder. But never did the elements conspire to yield me more delight than on the occasion I have described; and never did I find surer proof of the quality of a congregation than that afforded by the fact that the pastor was permitted to come down to us.

"You find this saying incomprehensible? Note, then, the conditions that encompass my own minister at home," continues the gentleman from Ithaca. "No sooner does he descend to the level of the pews than Sister A and Sister B and the remainder of the year-book alphabet rustle up and surround him. They compliment the sermon; they inquire after the health of any member of his family who may not have been present, and they deliver bulletins of the condition of their own families; they gossip about the minor activities of the parish, continually appealing to him to approve or judge. Meanwhile some stranger to whom the sermon bore a message lingers at a distance on the chance of a personal word that might resolve his doubt or confirm his

faith. Perhaps the minister perceived that man and yearned towards him; but how shall the minister escape? The stranger goes away—shut out and driven off by excellent women who apparently conceive of the church as a religious club and their minister as the steward and caterer.

"My blessing on the Boston congregation that does not fall into this fault!" concludes the gentleman from Ithaca. "I valued the cordiality of that people; it meant something; but most I appreciated their capacity for discreet self-effacement. Say that I shall not soon forget the hand-clasps, the kinds words, the desirable seat where I was made to feel that I 'belonged'; say that least of all shall I forget that a path was left open between that strangers' pew and the pulpit. Say that that congregation has the right conception of the minister's function and the Church's mission!" And we have said it—because the gentleman from Ithaca obviously means well.

The Life Divine.

When mid thy common days God sends thee one,
A day whose radiance of earth and sun
Is mated to thy soul's responsive mood,
And thou with open eyes seest all things good;
When the Lord speaks to thee in flower and bird,
And opens up to thee his hidden word,
And grants the long-held answer to thy prayer—
A day when suddenly thou art aware
Of truth's own message to thy heart revealed,
And leaping to thy lips by love unsealed;
O then give thanks and praise, for come what may,
The Holy Ghost hath shared thy life one day.

But if the morrow bringeth thee again
Into the world of sinful, needy men,
Eager to tell thy message and to give
A gospel whereby dying souls may live;
And, lo! the carping world will not believe
The heavenly sign, nor yet thy words receive;
When thy new speech thy brother doth offend
And thou art but a dreamer to thy friend—
Then, as thou seekest comfort from thine own
And foundest thou art left with God alone,
Rejoice with joy that none shall take away,
For thou hast shared the life of Christ one day.

—From *The Congregationalist.*

An Even Song.

O Father, when the twilight falls around,
And darkness gently gathers in the sky,
What comfort in the steadfast thought is found—
That thou art still in love and goodness nigh!

The whole wide world may vanish from our view,
The scenery of day may disappear,
But in the heart arises vision new,
That makes eternity of soul so dear!

There comes assurance with concealing night,
Like lily thought it blossoms in the breast,
And from it flows the fragrance of delight,
Won only in the solitude of rest!

We learn the worth of our unchanging change—
From driving duty to the silence still;
We care no more like wandering sheep to range,
But rest in slumber by the night's dark hill!

What hope and joy and faith there is in this,
Akin to grace the angels have above;
A spirit secret hides within the bliss,
A revelation of unfolding love!

The heart is full of overflowing joy
When twilight falls and sifting shade descends,
To simply be is our divine employ,
For at the gate of sleep all sorrow ends!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

Great Literature and Little Children.

From the June Chautauquan.

If one were to say, "Let fathers and mothers carefully choose pleasure books for their children and they need care little who chooses text-books," it might perhaps seem somewhat startling. Yet the statement is quite as true as the old saying, "If I may make the songs of a nation, I care not who makes its laws," and that we let pass without a thought. It is true to the same extent for the same reason; both versions are but different ways of saying that things which inspire to love and to pleasure are more powerful to form character than things which restrict or compel obedience.

It would be logical to take one step further, "If fathers and mothers will read to their children, at home, they may be comparatively serene as to who teaches them at school." If this step further seems a long step, let us take a shorter one. It is certainly true that parents who live with their children in this matter, have power to correct the inaccuracies and supplement the shortcomings of poor teachers, or have equal power to enrich the information and deepen the inspiration given by good teachers.

If fathers and mothers would take the trouble, and it is a trouble which is its own reward, to really know the books which children may be helped to love, if parents would but open the doors of literature's "stately pleasure dome" and walk with their children in its glancing lights, they might be forever free from fear of godless schools or schools of narrow culture.

Many a mother who would be shocked by the bare statement of Rousseau's old doctrine that children should be wholly surrendered to the care of the community, not watched and ministered to in the family, does virtually surrender her own children to the care of the state in those things which are most vital to their real well-being. With care and toil and fret she feeds and clothes her children's bodies, but is content to know little of school or teacher, either of day school or of Sunday-school, and is content to know still less of library or librarian. Yet these are the agencies that feed and clothe the mind and soul "that build for aye."

It is such "a sunny pleasure dome" too, "that dome in air," that one envies the fathers and mothers who play there with their children, and wonders how any are found who pretend to "the luxury of children," and yet surrender this delight to teachers or to librarians.

The gateway into literature is the printed page, but in the childhood of the race, to which teachers are fond of tracing back in studying how best to teach the children of to-day, it was not so. Literature then passed from lips to ears, and law and history, song and story, were always something "our fathers have told us."

Blind Homer and the chief singer of Israel and skalds and bards and minnesingers are all gone, tradition is almost a by-word, but mothers still live, and children need not wait until they have conquered the crabbed types before they begin to love literature.

A good many years ago, when the kindergarten was newly transplanted to this soil and its apostles were a flaming fire, a little mother went to hear a kindergarten lecture. The little mother's heart burned within her as she listened, and when the lecture was finished, she went forward and eagerly asked, "How soon may I begin to teach my little

child?" The kindergartner gravely asked, "How old is your child?" and the little mother shyly replied, "My baby is only two months old." The kindergartner replied, in all seriousnesss, "You have, then, wasted the two most precious months of her life!"

The case is still more serious for the two-months'-old baby and literature, for the proper time to begin to teach a child to love literature is precisely that prescribed by Dr. Holmes as the time to call the doctor for the cure of some diseases,—you should begin with the grandmother. It is not "the two most precious months," but the two most precious generations that are wasted if the grandmother was not taken in time.

It is a defrauded baby who was not crooned over in her grandmother's arms with

"When shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

and

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,"

and

"There is a green hill far away."

The small girl has missed part of her birthright who did not sit on her father's knee and listen, wide eyed,

"To hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore
With its rush and its roar,"

or to whom in after years a little, old, ragged blue-and-gold Scott is not dear because the sight of it brings back her mother's voice saying,

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill," and all the long, lovely story.

"But the child does not understand it all!" To be sure she does not, but she listens, she remembers, "she keeps all these things in her heart," and one day she will understand.

A good many years ago in those dark ages when the ideal of most public libraries was that they were places to gather and *preserve* books—what their ideal is now is another story, but it is not that—in a certain library in a certain city a legend, writ large, ran thus: "Children and dogs not allowed." The notice meant that this library had, what most libraries had in those days, though perhaps few of them expressed it quite so brusquely, what is technically known as "an age limit," which means that it excluded the children. Literature has no "age limit;" the littlest children, especially "children accompanied by parents or guardians," may come and find welcome.

Much might be said about the advantages of introducing children to great literature while they must be read to. In the first place, there is the gain in time. Children are made free of "the rich deposit of centuries" years before they could read for themselves. In the second place, the story-hour affords a charming meeting place for parents and children and adds much to mutual understanding and sympathy. In the third place, children gain an understanding of certain forms of literature from the cadences of the voice that the printed page alone never gives. A deaf Beethoven could hear with his eyes on the written musical notes. Only a poet really knows poetry from the printed page alone.

But the better understanding is not confined to poetry for matter, nor to the littlest children for auditors. A young girl of no very bookish type once visited in the home of an uncle who loved his wife's reading of the inimitable fun of the "Uncle Remus" tales. The young girl "didn't care for Uncle Remus," but she listened, and by and by all alone, in her quiet hour, she was heard reading the same passages aloud, catching the very lilt of her aunt's voice as the story told how "Brer Rabbit come pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay bird."

It is not for nothing that we feel a sense of disappointment in reading those speeches of great orators, by which they swayed multitudes. We have the words the man spoke, but the man behind the speech, the compelling cadences of his voice, the emphasis of face and gesture are all lost.

Many a child is shut out forever from the love of poetry because when he is young and lisps in numbers with the greatest ease, no one opens the gates of real poetry to him by reading to him, and so showing him by spoken words the music and flow of the measured, melodious lines.

Children can be helped to lay up untold treasures for themselves in those young days when memory's mirror is bright, by being taught to learn poetry—but "that is another story" which must not invade this one.

All along, literature has been compared to Southey's "stately pleasure dome," but the book world today is more like that mountain forest which we New Yorkers call the North Woods. Giant trees are the glory of it, but between and around them is a mass of underbrush, much of it beautiful too in its way, which yet makes a journey through the forest difficult and slow. The wise man nowadays who would fain attract those who need health and strength and refreshment into the beautiful forest, cuts trails through the trees, past the big tree, by the mountain brook, with now and then a far-reaching vista through toward great mountain peaks. He sacrifices some things in making the trail, but he prepares a way by which folk whose life-work falls on a different road, may gain some notion of the chief delights of the forest.

Perhaps the most helpful thing that the librarian, whose daily life is in the forest of the books of the day, can do is now and then to make a list of books that shall serve, in some sort, as a trail through his forest. Those who delight to thread the forest unaided need not touch such lists. Those who would like to start contentedly on a smaller journey may find some use in them. So a committee of the New York Library Association has thought it might help busy mothers somewhat with the suggestion of about a dozen books that they would like to read to the little folks.

What is read to a child, what a child reads, is not valuable chiefly for the facts thereby taught, but rather for the pleasure that it gives now, and still more for the pleasure it prepares for in after life. Literature has a great mine, that "rich deposit of centuries" spoken of before, and from it all our best authors continually draw, for the enrichment and ornament of their work, in allusions to the great, old-world tales. The New York State list has been made up almost wholly of collections of these great old stories and rhymes.

Where should we begin but with "Mother Goose" herself? Mothers will like an edition arranged by Charles Welsh called "A Book of Nursery Rhymes." Some of the coarsest rhymes are omitted, and the whole has a good introduction and a pleasing arrangement. The child loves the witty nonsense and the rhymes linger in his memory to point many a moral and adorn many a tale. For example, how easily the child catches the idea of an easy, pleasant greeting of the passing stranger from

"One misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,

I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment,
I began to grin."

Next is the little old favorite "Verse and Prose for Beginners in Reading." This also contains many nursery rhymes, but much beside, and is so inexpensive and so good that it is quite worth while. The publishers might make us an edition in holiday dress, to their own advantage and to our pleasure.

Next is "Baby's Own Æsop," with morals pictorially pointed in a series of delightful pictures by Walter Crane.

Next might come Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Posy Ring," the most charming collection of verses for children that heart could desire, though a close second to it is called "The Land of Song" and is made up by Katharine Shute in three pretty volumes, graded for children from the littlest up.

Then there is the ever-welcome Grimm's "Fairy Tales," and, as the mother is to read them aloud and let the children look at the pictures, there is no version that equals Lucy Crane's translation with pictures by Walter Crane.

Perhaps even before Grimm might come the children's own "Hans Christian Andersen," whom no translation has been able to spoil, but who is most truly rendered in the edition by Mrs. E. Lucas, illustrated by the Robinsons.

The famous old French fairy tales of Charles Perrault, which include "Cinderella," "Little Thumb," "The Sleeping Beauty" and others, are well told in an edition translated by Charles Welsh, called "Tales of Mother Goose."

From fairy tales to the old classic myth, is but a step, and such a pleasant step, in Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and "Wonder Book," and the edition of the first with pictures by George Wharton Edwards, and of the second by Walter Crane, give much pleasure, though they are expensive.

The Jungle Book by Kipling can be read to children much earlier than most people think, and dear old "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," will be almost a sealed book to children because of the difficult look of the dialect, unless it is read aloud. "The Book of Nature Myths," by Florence Holbrook, and "Collection of Wigwam Stories," by M. C. Judd, and "Fifty Famous Stories Retold," by James Baldwin, round out a short series that the youngsters will enjoy, and the mothers, too.

Let us not forget to add mention, though they are not on the published list, of two little volumes of "Old and New Testament Stories," in the "Modern Reader's Bible" set, which are in the real words of the Bible, but so arranged as to tell the stories, and nothing but the stories.

Of all the great books of the world, the Bible furnishes more allusions many times over in literature than any other, and no one can read the great poets or essayists understandingly without knowledge of its riches.—*Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf, President New York Library Association.*

Is It Memory or Hope?

Each flower that blooms and fills the land with bliss,
Each bird that sings its happy note today,
Somehow reminds me of a joy I miss,
As if 'twere mine in some dear far away!

I cannot tell if it were ages gone,
Or if it is of time that's yet to be,
For to the heart the years so swift pass on,
But this I know, the joy belongs to me!

William Brunton.

A Song of Home.

Air: Ar. Hyd. g. Nos.

"Each day adds its holy burden,
Trust in the home.
Every eve will bring its guerden,
Rest in the home.
Toil, brave heart, though storms may beat thee;
Trust, sad heart, for joy will greet thee;
Wait, true heart, for love will meet thee,
All in the home.

Live, creating love and sharing
Ever in the home;
Every trial nobly bearing,
All for the home.
Love is always best tuition,
May it find here free admission,
So 'twill bring its own fruition—
Heaven in the home."

—*Evelyn H. Walker.*

Our Tower Hill Letter.

The third week of the summer school began like the others thus far, with a quiet Sunday, the only service on the Hill being at the Vesper hour. Many of the Hill residents were well prepared to enjoy such a day, for Sunday in the city is often the most strenuous day in seven, and a Sunday which is not spent, by means of engagements, before it is begun, is far more attractive than the old-fashioned heaven,

"Where congregations ne'er break up,"

though Sabbaths here, contrary to the old hymn, end much sooner than we like to have them.

The Vesper hour was given to the reading of Stephen Phillips' "Christ in Hades," a searching and subtle poem which gave rise on the morrow to much discussion and comment and no little dissent, so great was the disappointment of some at finding the Christ powerless to save the dead from their doom, for they,

"Waiting the signal that he could not give,
Wanting the one word that he might not speak
* * * * *
Into the ancient sorrow walked away,"

to take up their own penance and work out their own salvation in their own time and their own way. The poet had found no way of shortening for them the long road from Hades to the upper world. Their time had not yet come, and there was no power in earth or heaven outside themselves to hasten it. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," or it is nowhere,—for you. All this and much more came out in the days that came after. The Vesper hour is not for discussion, however high, but for worship and appreciation.

The science work, in charge of Miss Hatherell and Mr. Olmstead, continues to be helpful and fascinating. The practical side of the study of the fungi has been emphasized, in its bearings on horticulture and food production. Twenty different fungi have been found, studied and named, and the nutritive value of certain mushrooms has been compared with that of meats and other foods, by means of carefully prepared tables. Sixteen species of ferns have been found growing on the Hill, and one hundred and thirty-five different flowering plants have been caught in the act of blooming. On Tuesday evening Mr. Olmstead gave one of his always interesting bird lectures, accompanied by the lantern slides, which are almost as good as the real birds for many reasons and better on one account, viz., they will stand still for a little, and let

you study them, while the live ones will fly away before you can get a peep at them. The Science class is small and select, but the knowledge gained by the few explorers has a way of filtering down and reaching the "masses" after a time, and even we who are too busy to wait on the ministrations of the scientists may gather up a few of the crumbs that fall from the students' table and get ashamed of knowing no better, for example, than to classify bacteria with wild beasts, or of having, as erstwhile, no name but "weed" for many a rare and beautiful plant. Directly or indirectly, through the translation of science into terms of human interest, Miss Hatherell and Mr. Olmstead are bringing us to our knees and teaching us to pray that tenderest and wisest of prayers,

"O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool."

In the class in Religion the leader is condensing the work of the year in All Souls church into twenty-five forty-minute lessons. This week we have considered the subjects, "How Language Began," "How Communities Began," "How Death Began," "How Sin Began," "How Law Began," all from the point of view of myth and science taken separately. The condensation is necessarily severe and would be dangerous in the hands of a less skillful teacher. But our leader possesses the rare grace of discrimination. He knows a fact that has bearings from a fact that has none, an essential from a non-essential, and the result is that these lessons grow year after year increasingly rich in life-helping material. This constant comparison of the Hebrew with other old-world and new-world myths, and of all of them with the facts of science as we know them to-day, has been known to play mad havoc with the best-laid systems of theology. The mental and spiritual outcome of this seven years' course is cumulative, and one should think twice before entering upon it if he has even a small cargo of theological dogmas which he wants to preserve.

The middle week of the summer school was Miss Mitchell's week. She relieved the leader of his work in literature and occupied the hour with the Promethean legends, which she traced back to their original sources. In the first lecture, on "Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer," she carried us back to the Vedic and Aryan mythologies for the forerunners of the Greek myths, and sketched the more important of the fire-making and man-creating legends of the Greeks. With these legends everyone is more or less familiar, but it is to be feared they are a mass of confusion to many minds. To such these lectures were most helpful. Of special interest was the comparison between the theories of the philologists, headed by Max Müller, and the champions of the primitive folk-lore, who believe there was enough in the practical experience of primitive man to kindle his imagination and call forth those wonderful tales which still hold in enchantment the minds of men as they did before the dawn of civilization. In successive lectures Miss Mitchell treated of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, the Promethean drama of Goethe, the Promethean poems of Lowell, Browning and Stephen Phillips, Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and the "Fire-bringer" of William Vaughn Moody.

To have sifted and made available to those with limited time this immense mass of fascinating literature in the painstaking and scholarly way in which Miss Mitchell has done it is no light task, and it is an ever-recurring wonder how so busy a woman can find time to do it so well. Summer after summer she delights us in the old way with a new theme, and we are continually getting more and more deeply in her debt with less and less prospect of ever getting out.

On Thursday evening we listened to an interesting illustrated lecture by Professor Elson, of the University of Wisconsin, on the Olympian games and the preparation required for them. The slides were made from rare pictures taken from old vases and tablets.

Another midsummer or two like the one we are now having on Tower Hill, and Lowell must needs come back to revise his oft-quoted line in praise of June, and make it read, in defiance alike to tradition and rhythm,

"What is so rare as a day in August!"

At any rate June brides have had their day, for on Tower Hill, at least, August is the month for weddings. The orange blossom may be the bride's flower in its own habitat or in the city, but here the graceful Euphorbia, with its queenly clusters of green-white blossoms, had come to its prime on the second day of August, making the Hill itself a bridal bower of tender bloom. For summers uncounted has this exquisite flower come to its own on our hillside; unnumbered years have the oaks and pines mingled their branches here in loving communion; beyond the memory of man have the ferns clothed the hill with a beauty all their own. In a word, Nature had for ages been making arrangements for a sunrise wedding on the porch of the cottage under the windmill. She had been ready with her ministrations for many an August gone, but the human element, always the last to appear, had up to this time been wanting. But this August there came a bride, and consequently a bridegroom. The minister was there, a part of the Hill, seeming rooted like his own oaks and pines. Nature had done her part so well that art could well be spared. The decorations were all home-grown. A few pine boughs lent their fragrance and benediction to the pine-tree cottage; the Druid oak gave its branches to canopy the porch; ferns were banked in rich profusion; wild smilax climbed wherever it could find a foothold; and the white Euphorbia, like a summer cloud, lent grace and airiness to the whole. Loving hands had taken these wild things of the wood and with them transformed the pine cottage into a miniature Tower Hill. River and hill, island, forest and plain lay spread out below like a map, and I think there was that in every heart which translated this beauty into terms of human life and love and somehow connected it with the future of the pair standing at sunrise before this simple home altar to pledge each other their truth and faith in the few words of the beautiful and most impressive service. It would be difficult to imagine a simpler wedding, but the Wisconsin summer was prodigal with its glory to make a perfect marriage morning for Elizabeth Adams and Willard Streeter Bass.

It was only a family group of a dozen which could be gathered on the porch or around the breakfast table in the little cottage, but the residents of the Hill could not let the new married pair go away without recognition and greeting. They gathered under the oaks in front of the pavilion. Impromptu wedding bells were rung, and as the carriage came down the road two men stepped out and took the horses by the head for fear of accident. Then the party circled around, singing a Home Song to the Welsh air of *Ar Hyd y nos,* and throwing flowers and branches into the carriage. The song ended, the good wishes of the Hill population were expressed by Mrs. Olmstead and Mr. Jones, the horses were released, and the two drove away,

while the company sang a verse of "Home, Sweet Home." The first part of the wedding journey was a four days' drive to the Dells of the Wisconsin and back to "Old Helena," the cottage at the foot of the Hill, where they returned for a few days of quiet home-keeping before starting on the more extended eastern trip.

The simplicity and sanity of this wedding were refreshing and memorable, and give promise of peace and joy in future years to the pair who could conceive and fulfill such an ideal for an occasion so often given over to conventionalities and insincerities. The pine cottage had been consecrated again, and the tender and benignant interest of every resident, from the Patriach of the Hill to the cook in the kitchen, will follow the two who have given and received such a mutual baptism of helpfulness and love. EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, August 6, 1904.

A Home Christening on Tower Hill.

On the evening of August 6 a most beautiful and impressive ceremony took place at Tower Hill in the christening and dedication of the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Hyman, of Chicago. The site chosen by Mrs. Hyman is one of the most commanding on the hill, and from its abundant growth of aged pines is known as Pine Knob; hence no name seemed so appropriate and harmonious as that of Pine Lodge, and so it was christened.

To the uninitiated Tower Hill might be located on the planet Mars; and it is difficult for such to realize that so charming a spot of primitive nature can be within a comparatively short distance from the maelstrom known as Chicago. A steep and thickly wooded bluff whose base is washed by a rapid river; trees inhabited by many varieties of our finest song birds; dotted by cottages of the simplest type with no modern "inconveniences" save water pumped by a windmill to the highest point of the hill; with neither gas nor electricity—only the light of lamp, candle or lantern by night, truly can the initiated say, "A turn, and we stand in the heart of things."

Tower Hill, geographically, is one of a series of high hills encircling the valley of the Wisconsin river, and is distant an hour and a half ride slightly northwest from Madison, and three miles from the nearest postoffice—the thriving little village of Spring Green. The three miles' drive from the latter to "the Hill" is veritably a lovers' lane the greater part of the way, as the narrow road is thickly bordered by willows, maple and yellow birch trees almost meeting above it. Tower Hill itself is wonderfully rich in its verdure both of trees and wild flowers, thickly carpeted with an undergrowth of vines and exquisite ferns, and faces the west. From its highest point—an elevation of two hundred feet above the river (four hundred feet above sea level), the view of the thickly wooded valley below with the shimmering, shadowy Wisconsin, dotted with miniature islands and sandbars, winding its tortuous way through, and the sunsets seen through the stately pines, is a glory, indeed, and a daily pean.

Tower Hill receives its name from the fact that in the 30's on account of its particularly advantageous location on the river—the gateway to the world of commerce—two enterprising business men, Washburn and Woodman, owners of lead mines some eighteen miles distant, came into possession of the hill and there established the industry of shot-making, the tower for which gave the hill its name.

The senior member of the firm, C. C. Washburn, was a member of the famous family of Washburns so intimately associated with the history of Illinois and Wisconsin, and became governor of the latter state and the founder of the famous Washburn Observatory.

Down through the solid rock the miners dug two hundred feet from the top of the hill, then horizontally one hundred feet to the river's brink. At the bottom of the perpendicular shaft a well was dug into which the shot was dropped to cool; it was then carried through the tunnel "finished," and loaded into the boats and so carried via the great rivers to the busy marts of commerce. After the industry of shot-making ceased the hill was practically abandoned to its fate, and became the objective point of young people on pleasure bent, who walked or drove up from the valley, and of picnic parties whose numerous camp fires left to smoulder, gradually burnt away the beautiful primeval forest of pines, leaving the hill almost a desolate waste of charred stumps and thistle plants. Moreover, the thoughtless picnickers would drop pebbles, stones, boulders—even great tree trunks down the shaft for the pleasure of hearing the noise of the fall in the well below, until the latter, as well as about forty feet of the shaft itself, was filled up solidly. Thus it remained, and desolation reigned for thirty years, until "the hill" was sold for taxes, when the man whose life had rooted in Wisconsin within sight of these beautiful hills, but was fruiting in Chicago, conceived the idea —Utopian, his friends of the surrounding hills and valley said,—of buying Tower Hill and utilizing it for mental, physical and spiritual re-creation for such as were drawn hither. Some young men interested in the idea fell to digging away the debris filling the shot shaft and the well; a windmill was built at the top and water pipes sunk; and the old well, from which had issued the death-dealing shot, now supplies the cold, life-giving water, to many who carry from it new gospels to world-weary souls who know not the joy of living close to nature's heart.

So much for the physical and material description of Tower Hill. The spiritual significance can be better told in the words of welcome extended by its moving spirit, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, to the latest members of the Tower Hill community, whose home-christening will ever be a memorable event in the history of the settlement.

At 7:30 the residents, large and small—the entire population—at the sound of the bell assembled at the communal dining hall, each carrying his lantern, which was shaded with yellow paper, then in couples slowly mounted the hill to Pine Knob, thence into the cottage, all singing an old familiar tune. The cottage and veranda were a bower of pine branches and golden-rod, and on the veranda the host and hostess with their three children welcomed their guests. Mr. Jones then welcomed the new dwellers as follows:

"I think for the fourth time we are gathered to dedicate a Tower Hill home; and perhaps it is fitting that I should try to state in a few words once more what the Tower Hill ideal is, as it lay in the minds of those who established it. Of course the first ideal of Tower Hill is *rest*. It was a place for tired preachers and teachers, and those whose work permitted them to enter into such a privilege. Three weary preachers conceived the idea of a possible camp that would be particularly favorable to brain-weary preachers and those connected with them.

"Following that, as a matter of necessity, was the ideal of *economy*, so arranging that we could for this camp or rest place, secure the maximum of comfort with a minimum of expense.

"This necessitated another word, *simplicity: the* life must necessarily be simple and that carried with it the words of *quietness* and *retirement*.

"Tower Hill seeks to take people who feel the rain and stress of life; who for ten months in the year must lead

strenuous lives in one way or another; hence following the idea of quiet and simplicity, economy and rest, came another essential and fundamental ideal in the rule of Tower Hill life. In the words of the poet,

"'Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.'

"The rest longed for was not vacuity; it was renewal—re-creative, developing into the various lives that led the Tower Hill idea to seek the expressions of the noblest and highest; and that led to one word more, the last and best word, *meditation;* for reflection on, and receptivity to, things divine are related to and closely connected with, things human. This ideal of Tower Hill, a Place to Rest secured by economy, simplicity, quiet and retirement, communion with the masters and close intimacy with nature, has in fourteen years been cumulative; and this hill which was for years the common camp ground of vagrant pigs and wayward cows, visited by annual and semi-annual fires, burdened with thistles, has been transformed to what we see. The seventeenth private cottage is now in process of construction; Tower Hill has acquired twenty-one buildings and property worth from eight to ten thousand dollars, and the corporation owes not a cent.

"No outsider has any claim on the Hill. It has paid its way and we are here tonight a community of sixty people, guests and residents. Sixteen home-makers are learning to organize their lives into an ellipse with two foci, the one in Chicago, or elsewhere, the other on Tower Hill, where we come, not to dissipate, not to kill time, not to waste energy, but to live; live more fittingly, more seriously, more actively in mind, because all great re-creations take place in days and nights of quiet.

"This is the idea of Tower Hill as I understand it. The spirit is slowly coming; we have much left to do. But the quiet testimony of these fourteen years is to count the joy that has made the world more beautiful to many people—as we count people—not in crowds, but in individuals and groups. With this introductory word let us sing Auld Lang Syne."

The song ended another welcome was spoken by Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelley, mistress of "Maxwelton" cottage on the Hill:

The T. H. P. Co., duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Wisconsin,—not for pecuniary profit—shares $25.00, each entitling the holder thereof to one vote, one cottage site and other privileges—differs from other corporations, in that it has a soul. That soul is the soil beneath our feet, our own beloved hill. Sentient and responsive, it knows its own, it recognizes those who "belong." And this soul has already spoken its welcome to this dear Hyman family. Away back in May it arrayed itself in its prettiest and speaking to the lady mother here, through the voices of the robins, the rain and the rabbits, the stars, the twilight silence and the Swiss cheese sandwiches, the windmill and the whip-poor-will, lured her to the edge of the bluff and said, "Build you here a lodge in this wilderness of pine and put a fire-place in it." And she, recognizing the kinship, obeyed, and so we are tonight celebrating the birthday of Pine Lodge at this Hymaneal altar.

But this corporation also possesses a heart, and out of this heart, warm and loving, I offer you the hand of Tower Hill welcome, I offer you the level glance of Tower Hill loyalty, I offer you the kiss of Tower Hill peace. Bless you, my children.

Following Mrs. Kelley came a word from each of the guests, either an appropriate quotation, an original expression of good will and cheer, or a song. From the whole we select but a few to show the varied sentiments expressed. From Miss Anne Bunker Mitchell the following original poem:

THE CALL OF THE WORD.

Bright was a home in the city
With all that makes life dear,
With father-love and mother-ilove
And voices of children clear.

But into this house of gladness,
Into this home of cheer,
Came a stirring and a message
That moved and held the ear:

"Bow down, low down, and listen,
Bend low and hear my prayer.
For I am the voice of the woodland
And I would have thee there."

So a stirring and a flitting
A sound as of hammer and spade,
And, behold, a fair sweet dwelling
In the heart of the forest glade.

So father brave and mother sweet
And all the nestlings dear
Fare forth into the woodland wild
And make a nest home there.

Wherefore, Pine Lodge, we greet thee
With heart and voice and song
And pray that thine engirdling arms
Enfold these dear ones long.

From a cheery little Chicago friend whose name begins with Jessie, a piece of birch bark with a blue-jay's feather stuck through it and written on it,

"Only a feather to suggest the jay
Who is coming to play at your party today."

Another piece of birch bark bore this from Emerson:

"Once again the pine tree sung:
Speak not thy speech my boughs among;
Put off thy years, wash in the breeze:
My hours are peaceful centuries."

From another a large oak leaf over which was fastened with the green pine needles another oak leaf a few shades lighter, of paper, so cleverly made as to deceive even the master of the Hill, and on this was written:

"In truth I could not dodge
An invitation to Pine Lodge;
But rejoicing will I come
To the christening of your home."

Another friend, who has helped all on the Hill to a knowledge of the beauty around them—who has opened their eyes to nature's munificence, this:

"All around him Patamos lies,
Who hath spirit-gifted eyes."

Again from an Emerson lover:

"Who leaves the pine tree leaves his friend,
Un-nerves his strength, invites his end."

A rather unique acceptance of the invitation to the christening came from Rev. and Mrs. Granville R. Pike, of Chicago, who are just beginning to build a cottage on the other extremely high point of the Hill, now known as Pike's Peak. In a little pasteboard box was found a land tortoise (alive) and across his back saddle-wise a strip of birch bark on which was written:

"When the roll is called up yonder, the Pike's will be there. Pike's Peak, August 6, 1904."

Another "hill dweller's" contribution was,

"Cans't thou copy in verse one chime
Of the wood-bell's peal and cry,
Write in a book the morning's prime,
Or match with words that tender sky?"

Another Emerson lover gave the lines which had, unknown to her, been chosen for the christening calendar—a beautiful sheet of birch bark to be inscribed with the names of all present:

"We a pine-grove did prefer
To a marble theatre;
Could with Gods on mallows dine,
Nor care for spices or for wine."

Another contribution particularly fitting was James Whitcomb Riley's "Ike Wattern's Prayer," only one stanza of which can here be quoted:

"Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearth stone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine—
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the smiling face of her."

A "yell" is something scarcely to be reproduced in print, but all who have been so fortunate as to

be in touch with enthusiastic students can easily supply the meter and the music (?) of the "Cottage Yell," contributed by the Misses Lackersteen and Mr. and Mr. Bruce Kirkpatrick:

"We yell! We shout!! We hoot!!!
For the house 'bove the Little Pine shoot .
'Tis fine! Sublime! When the moon and the stars on it do shine.
'Tis swell—when a Belle—and a Harry do in it dwell,
So we will ne'er dodge an invite to the
Little Pine Lodge!"

It is needless to state that "the yell" was received with as great enthusiasm as it was given.

Another very touching part of the program given by the guests of the evening was a song rendered by three little boys of eight and nine years—the little twin brothers, Masters William and John Bailey and their cousin, Master Benjamin Nevell, who sang with truly cooing voices:

"High in the top of an old pine tree
Dwells a mother dove and her young ones three.
Warm over them is her soft, downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest.
Coo, say the little doves;
Coo, says she,
All in their nest in the old pine tree."

The little boys had heard some of the elders speaking of their parts for the evening, and so with the ingenuousness of childhood "wished they might sing the little dove song they sang in kindergarten."

When it is stated that the invitations to the Christening of Pine Lodge were not handed to the "dwellers on the Hill" until noon of the day preceding the event, the spontaniety of the exercises may be realized. Mr. Hyman's response to the greetings of his neighbors on Tower Hill was as follows:

"I knew you were all coming here tonight, but it was not in my heart to think of preparing any word for your reception. I only knew I could tell of a heart full of thankfulness that would come to me spontaneously at the moment of speaking. To prepare a word would seem almost like ceremony—the conventional ceremony from which we are all trying to get away—that is, as much as possible. But to be able to say a sincere word could not be difficult in this place and hour, and I am now trying to say the sincere word of appreciation of this welcome. And, my good friends, I feel that with all that has been done and said here you have been very kind, and the welcome is given in a manner that will always make us feel thoroughly at home. We give you our house to come to, to bring to and take from what cheer you can,—and so we heartily welcome you, and thank you."

After a few words from the mistress of Pine Lodge the "three little doves" did their part in the dedication.

Miss Elaine, the eldest, lighted the candles while repeating:

"Light shall arise from light, day follow day, season meet season with all lovely signs and portents of the year."

The little daughter Dorothy, as she placed the name over the rustic fireplace, recited sweetly:

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

And the little son, Robert, lighted the hearth fire to these words:

"Thou hast found wild pathways for our treading, given to our hand the spirit of fire and all its restless works."

The entire assemblage then joined Mr. Jones in the following dedicatory words, followed by a tender prayer by the "Master of the Hill," as he is lovingly called by some on the hill:

DEDICATION.

We dedicate this home to the service of truth, beauty and love.

RESPONSE: May it be a resting place to the weary, a shelter from carking cares, selfish ambitions and unworthy anxieties.

We dedicate this house to the love of nature, to rest of body and soul, to communion of the inner life.

RESPONSE: May mercy, peace and gentleness dwell within these walls, and may its inmates through it gladden other lives with their loves.

Here may flowing river, sleeping islands, steadfast pine, brooding hills, grass, flowers, birds, the distant hum of the toiling world, and the glory of sunsets be transformed into spiritual realities, translated into human joys, exalted into a faith in the goodness of God and the deathless life. Amen!

The "Home" Song, composed by Miss Evelyn H. Walker, was then sung:

After a pleasant social hour the guests prepared to depart, when the Head of the House, following an ancient custom, presented to Mrs. M. T. Mallory, of Chicago, whose cottage is nearing completion, a brand of fire, saying:

"Here is a brand from our home fire at Pine Lodge. Take it and keep it to start a fire with when we come to dedicate your new cottage, which comes next after ours."

Each guest then took up his lantern and filed out of the house and down the hill, singing "Home, Sweet Home."

The sight of that lantern-lighted procession slowly ascending and descending the winding path over the hill, singing through the grove of pine and birch trees, was one never to be forgotten and gave to us somewhat of a realization of the beauty of the old Greek festival processions.

Thus was Pine Lodge welcomed, christened and dedicated, and another beautiful picture hung on memory's wall.

MARY BADOLETTE POWELL.

"It Is Nothing."

Do you remember, long and long ago,
When griefs came—weighty griefs that meet a child—
And you went in to her to sob your woe,
How patiently and soothingly she smiled?
Do you remember how she healed each bruise
And stopped the hurt that came from slip or fall?
How suddenly the little pain you'd lose
At: "It is nothing—nothing much, at all."

Do you remember how, long, long ago,
You would awaken, trembling in your fright
When fearsome things, which only children know,
Were peering wildly at you from the night?
Do you remember how she made you see
They were but waving shadows on the wall,
And how she wove into a lullaby
Her "It is nothing,—nothing much, at all"?

And you remember, long and long ago,
How every little fret of night or day
Before her talisman, when whispered low,
Would vanish, would be driven quite away;
And you remember, too, how each soft word
A newer happiness to you would call,
As though the joys of youth came when they heard
Her "It is nothing—nothing much, at all."

And can you hear it now? Of all the rest
That life has let us keep within our hold,
This memory must be the very best—
This precious thing that is not bought or sold.
When days are dark and nights are saddened, now,
Out from the shrouding silence does there fall
While her cool fingers seem to touch the brow,
This: "It is nothing—nothing much, at all"?

W. D. N.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Lincoln Monument.

Surfeited with care, we laid him down
  Near his dear old home, in quiet sleep.
A nation mourned as the heavy crown
  Of care was lifted from his brow; and deep
In the heart of the Nation there was a fear
  For the life of the Nation, so dearly bought.
'Twas not Lincoln's life, though held so dear,
  It was the life of the Nation the assassin sought.

He sought to take with one fell blow
  What millions would give their lives to hold;
And the martyr blood he caused to flow,
  Has washed the stains, though manifold,
From the hands of those who sought to kill
  That liberty, dear to the hearts of all
Who upheld its principles, and do still
  And will so hold 'till the funeral pall.

Of our priceless liberty enshrouds
  The names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant;
Sherman and Hooker it also clouds.
  Nay, our heroes' names we'll ever chant
So long as our songs of freedom live,
  So long as the Stars and Stripes shall wave.
This priceless boon was not ours to give;
  On giving it to us, he found his grave.

Build him a monument grand and tall,
  So tall its pinnacle shall reach the sky;
And build it strong, so whate'er befall,
  The name of Lincoln shall never die.
Emblazon his name in letters of gold,
  Bold from great California's mine;
And cut them deep so they will hold
  His name for aye, at our country's shrine.

Build him a monument once again,
  Emancipation's champion god!
His white soul not endure the chain
  That held the slave beneath the rod.
Build him a monument! Can you find
  A jasper wall of unhewn stone?
The walls of Heaven are of the kind
  To build a monument for him alone.

Build him a monument, children dear!
  His soul was white as yon fleecy cloud.
He loved his country and had no fear
  Of death! and while lying in his shroud,
The writer gazed on his placid face—
  A face that wore a heaven-born smile;
A saintly face, that the added grace
  Of death, made him look a god the while.

ANNA D. PHILLIPS.

Foreign Notes.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS.—Already the secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, is able to announce quite definitely that the International Council will hold its third biennial meeting the first week in September, 1905, in Geneva, Switzerland. Not all UNITY readers may have seen the interesting details communicated by Mr. Wendte in the *Christian Register* of August 4, so it may not be amiss to reproduce them in part.

The arrangements are in charge of a local committee headed by Prof. E. Montel, dean of the Theological Faculty of the University of Geneva, and including Profs. Balavoine, Chantre, Louis Wuarin and others, of the same university, as well as eminent representatives of Genevese and Swiss business and official life. They intend to make the 1905 gathering one of the most notable religious demonstrations in the history of the Swiss republic.

It is naturally much too early for announcements as to program, but one unique feature is promised in three sermons to be delivered, probably in the historic old cathedral of St. Pierre, one in French, one in German and one in English.

There is something so stimulating and inspiring to the imagination and the heart in these gatherings of religious liberals from every quarter, now on one and now on another of the old historic battle-grounds of religious liberty and progress that it would seem as if many ministers and laymen could hardly afford to stay away. It is therefore good to have a suggestive announcement thus early, giving a full year to plan for one's attendance. Last year Holland, with William the Silent and heroic associations and traditions meeting one at every turn! Next year Geneva, a still smaller territory, but one from which what incalculable religious influences have spread! Here is a city whose people believe they best honor their own special religious hero, by frank confession, and all possible amends for past injustice and intolerance, whether in the burning of a Servetus three centuries and a half ago, or the arbitrary dispossession of and discrimination against Roman Catholics in the last century. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and Calvinist Geneva can give points to some American liberals to-day.

Another interesting item in Mr. Wendte's notes is the announcement of a party of prominent university professors, scholars and men of science who have been invited by the Fair managers to visit the great exposition at St. Louis this coming September. "Two of them," says Mr. Wendte, "Profs. Otto Pfleiderer, the eminent historian of religion at the University of Berlin, and Jean Réville, professor of comparative religion at the University of Paris, are members of the executive committee of our International Council; while a third, Prof. Louis Wuarin, of the University of Geneva, is commissioned to represent the local committee of that city, already referred to, and speak in behalf of the congress of our International Council to be held in 1905 in Geneva. Prof. Wuarin will preach at the Unitarian church in St. Louis and present this cause on the 25 of September if it can be arranged. In the week beginning October 2 a large number of these distinguished foreign guests will visit Boston and be entertained by the authorities of Harvard College and other educational institutions."

What about Chicago? Can it be that neither the University nor All Souls Church will bring any of these visitors here? However it may be with the others, Prof. Wuarin at least is already personally known in this country. He has also been from time to time a contributor to the *Outlook*.

Religion and Liberty, the published proceedings of the Amsterdam congress, offers an admirable introduction to many distinguished members of the International Council and the best evidence of the breadth of its fellowship. M. E. H.

Correspondence.

A REPUBLICAN'S REPLY.

Editor of UNITY:

I have read "The Position of an Independent" in yesterday's UNITY. The "position" of a man of the years and standing of Edward Payson Powell is of interest to every intelligent voter, for he has been a voter ever since the foundation of the Republican party.

I would like to know what Republican candidates for president Mr. Powell did not vote for. Perhaps he voted for them all, but I would not imagine so from his article.

If the colored man is not allowed to vote, in certain sections, it seems to me such sections ought not to be represented in Congress and the Electoral College, on the suppressed vote.

Before the war the South had representation on three-fifths. Now it has representation on the entire colored vote.

As a consequence of the war, the South is represented in Congress and the Electoral College by a full vote for every colored man of legal age, but the negro is not allowed to vote there. Will Mr. Powell explain why the South should enjoy this representation?

Should a white man's vote in South Carolina be more potent than a white man's vote in Illinois?

Regarding American shipping Mr. Powell says: "In 1860, when the Republican party took control of the country, American tonnage was five million five hundred thousand and English tonnage was only five million seven hundred thousand.

In 1900 nearly all of this was swept away, and we had less shipping left on the ocean than we had in 1800."

He says: "The simple facts are that American shipping was all right until the high tariff drew capital away from agriculture and commerce to manufactures."

Is that true? Did not the "Alabama," "Florida" and other confederate privateers destroy our merchant marine during the war of 1861-5, or cause it to change its flag? Mr. White is 71 years old, but surely he cannot have forgotten that war.

He speaks of "the present shameful condition of our post-office." Why shameful? Is it because under President Roosevelt every effort has been made to unearth fraud and punish it?

To me it appears that every department of the U. S. government is in the highest state of efficiency, and honestly managed, subject, of course, to those delinquencies common to all great business enterprises; and that the discovery of fraud subjects the offender to instant dismissal and the severest punishment.

I had thought before reading Mr. Powell's article that John Hay, Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt's secretary of state, and President Abraham Lincoln's private secretary, had had something to do with this country's enviable position in the far East, but I now learn that it was a Democratic administration in 1854 that was responsible for it!

William McKinley was one of the greatest tariff advocates this country ever had. The Democrats used to call him in derision "McKinley Bill."

Theodore Roosevelt called the U. S. Senate together in special session and forced it to keep McKinley's promise to Cuba.

The "conglomeration" that goes under the name of the Democratic party has nominated for president of the United States an able, honest, upright man. It has nominated for vice-president another good man, 82 years old. Behind them is the "solid South" with a representation in the Electoral College not only of the white population but of the 1,600,000 black men, who cannot vote.

Mr. Powell does not say that he would like to see the Democrats successful this fall, and I do not wonder that he does not say so. He seems to invite an expression of opinion from his readers, and I most cheerfully give him mine.

A REPUBLICAN IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

August 5, 1904.

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